

P.P.
March 107

Vanella's Progress.

IN EIGHT SCENES.

*To potent Love we sacrifice our Fame,
And banish from our Thoughts approaching Shame:
Such was VANELLA's Case, with Grief oppress'd,
But Death has eas'd the Anguish of her Breast.*

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(Price One Shilling, with the Copper Plates.)



gress.

Females with double VIRTUE arm'd should be,
Who C——s frequent, and THEIR TEMPTATIONS see.

SCENE

Scene I.

7. — A3



PROGRESS.

Scene II.





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VANELLA's Progress.

SCENE I.

AS yet unconscious of the latent SNARE,
To C—— is introduc'd the Blooming FAIR;
Fir'd with AMBITION, to be (*falsly*) Great,
She does not see her sure impending Fate.
Look, how *Alexis* at a distance peeps,
And his Eyes fix'd upon the Virgin keeps:
Revolving Thoughts perplex his anxious Mind,
How to seduce, and made the Maiden kind.
Females with double VIRTUE arm'd should be,
Who C——s frequent, and THEIR TEMPTATIONS see.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

BEHOLD the Levee of a *Mighty QUEEN*,
 Where *Groupes* of FAWNING SYCOPHANTS are seen :
 On her Right-Hand the *Maidens* take their Place,
 Some look demure, and some the Levee grace.
VANELLA's gay, *ALEXIS* with her toys,
 And whispers in her Ears a *Lover's Joys* ;
 She takes the Hint, the lucky Thought improves,
 Resolv'd to try the Issue of their Loves.
 Thus to Destruction Love-sick Maids will run,
 And court the Danger, which they ought to shun.

S C E N E III.

V*ANELLA's* captive Heart is all on fire,
 She softens into Love and warm Desire :
 Close to her Breast her Conqueror she clips,
 And vows *Ambrosia* hangs upon his Lips.
 While thus incircled in the *Fair One's* Arms,
 He looks, and swears she has ten Thousand Charms ;

Then,

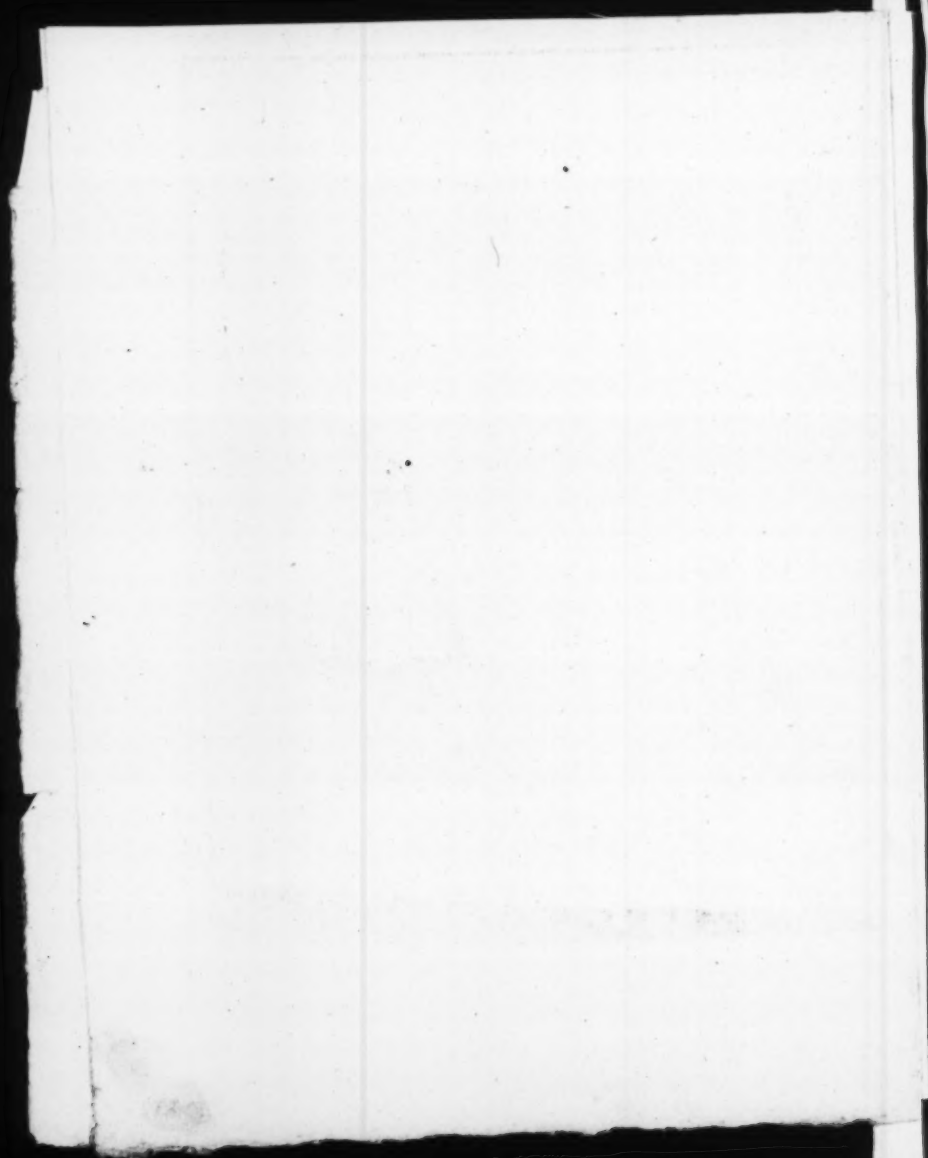
Scene III.



Published according to Act of Parliament

Scene IV.





Then, by Degrees, he draws her to the Bed,
 What there was done, is better guess'd, than said.
 Over such Actions draw a silent Veil,
 Which every one, in Prudence, should conceal.

S C E N E IV.

WOMEN, with *Modesty* and *Virtue* grac'd,
 Excel the richest Jewels of the East;
 But when they give themselves to loose Desire,
 Indulging a corrupt and vicious Fire,
 They, who before for Chastity were priz'd,
 Will soon forsaken be, abhorr'd, despis'd.
VANELLA, conscious of this fatal Truth,
 Relates her Fears to her dear lovely Youth;
 Her Pregnancy he sees, with Joy he smiles,
 Her Doubts he banishes, her Fears beguiles.

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S C E N E

S C E N E V.

HER Shame no longer able to conceal,
 Officious Tongues *VANELLA*'s Case reveal;
 The pious Queen, with a maternal Care,
 Lashes her Folly, and rebukes the *Fair*;
 With keen Reproofs her wicked Facts decries,
 And bids her, for the future, to be *wise*:
 The *fall'n* Nymph she banishes from C—,
 Who now is made a publick Scorn and Sport.
 Sure-footed Vengeance, tho' it moves not fast,
 Will catch th' unwary Criminal at last.

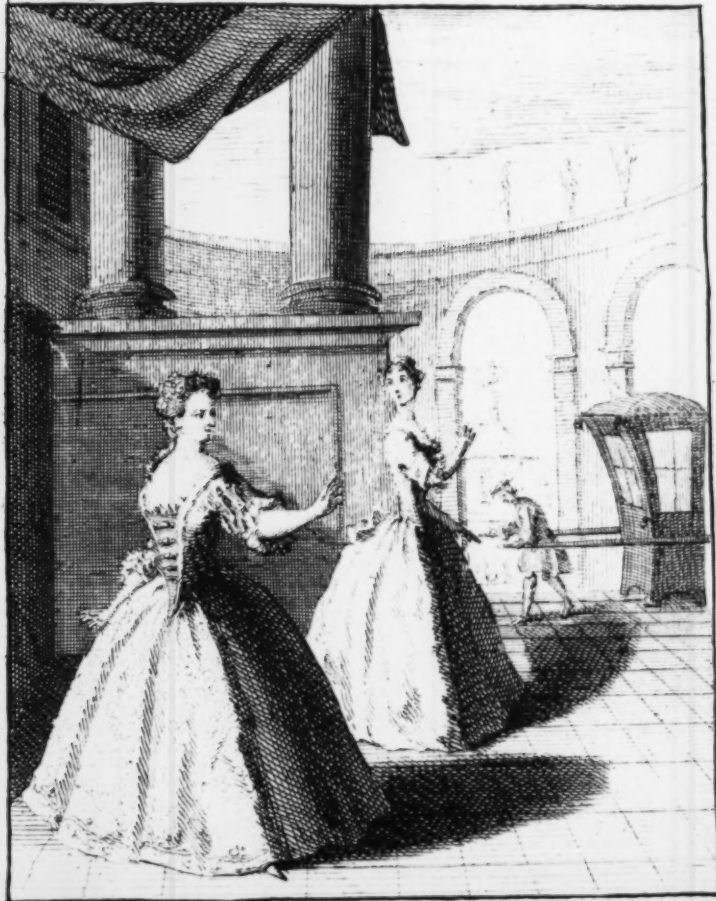
S C E N E VI.

AT C— disgrac'd, the pregnant, sporting Dame,
 Scandal defies, and glories in her Shame:
 In Hurry and Confusion she retires,
 And quenches, with her Swain, their am'rous Fires.
 No more, ye *Prudes*, the lost *VANELLA* blame,
 For every one of ye, would do the same;
 With joyful Hearts ye would her Place supply,
 Nor value the most scrutinizing Eye:
 Her Conduct you arraign, but not the *Evil*,
 For to be catch'd—That, That is sure—the Devil.

S C E N E

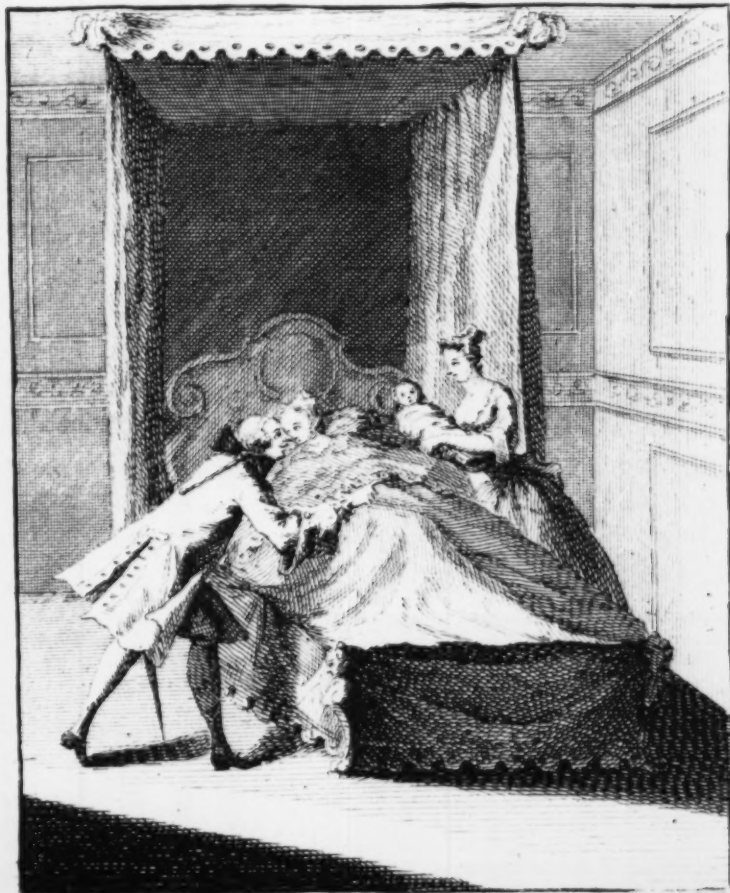
V — A's

Scène 5.



PROGRESS

Scène 6.

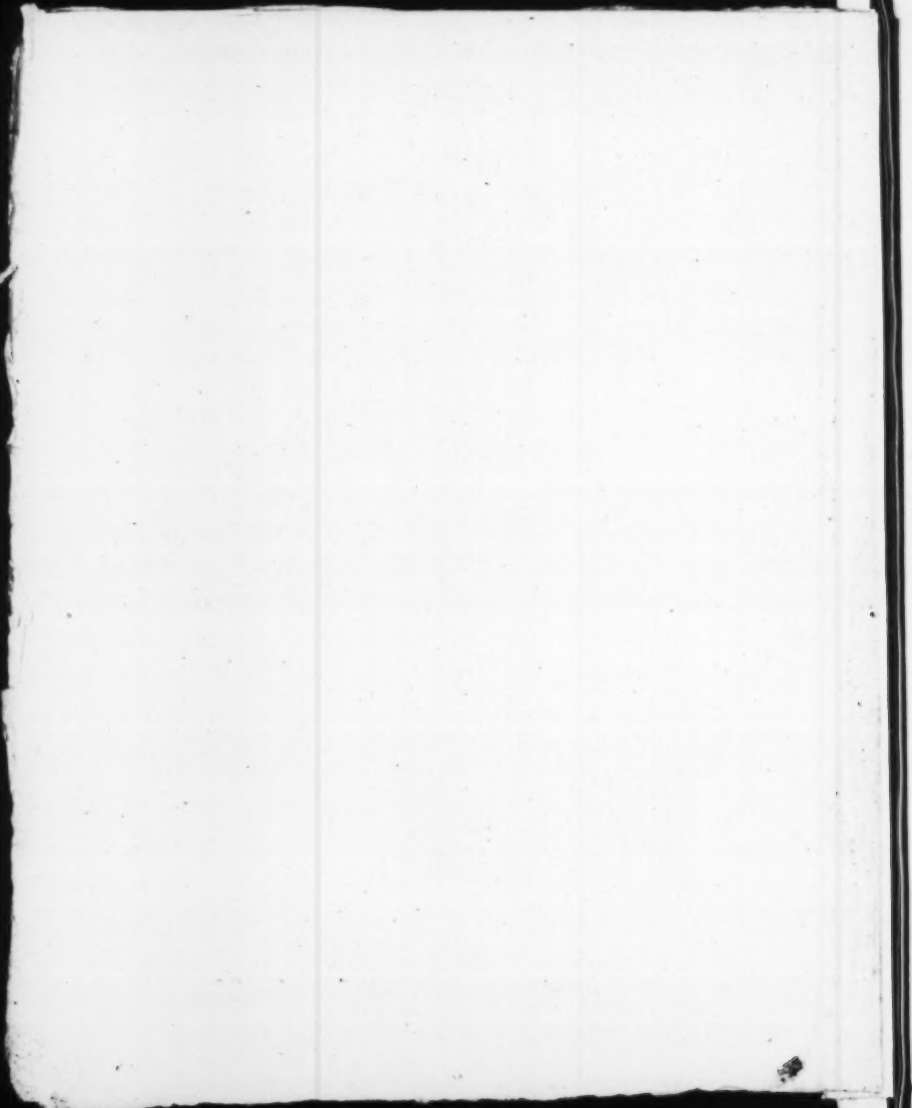


Scene 7.



Scene 8.





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S C E N E VII.

BURNING with Jealousy the Nymph complains,
 Her fiery Eyes declare her inward Pains;
 Frantick she looks, is urg'd with wild Despair,
 Rends, without Reason, her dishev'd Hair!
 Not Vows, or softest Words, can calm her Mind,
 She roars and blusters like a stormy Wind;
ALEXIS sues, but Rage her Soul enthrals,
 And the Maid's Innocence a Victim falls.
 Kept Mistresses will always domineer,
 And their fond Keepers must expect their Share.

S C E N E VIII.

GRIEF and Vexation seize *VANELLA*'s Breast,
 No Peace she finds by Day, by Night no Rest:
 Her prattling Son, alas! is now no more,
 With double Grief his Death she does deplore:
 The near Approach of her Swain's Wedding Day,
 Distracts her Mind, and does her Soul dismay.
 See ghastly Death, with unrelenting Dart,
 Ready to pierce the *Fair One*'s tender Heart:
 About her Bed there stands a Train of Dames,
 And she expires amidst her am'rous Flames.

F I N I S.

